

ARTISTIC AND COZY

"Tanglebank" The Suburban Residence of Mr. Parker Mann.

OVERLOOKING ROCK CREEK

A Home That is Much Admired-Quaint in Design and Construction-Furniture and Library of Charles O'Connor - Diamond Paned and Latticed Windows.

One of the most interesting features con nected with the growth of Washington in recent years is the remarkable way in which the city has spread out toward the northwest, over the heights that once seemed such a natural boundary for the city, and down into the valley of Rock creek and beyond, so that now it would be a difficult matter indeed to say how far it should go and no farther. Some of the most artistic houses are to be found in this section, and the very fact of the abundance of room that was to be had has given a freedom of style to the architecture and a sort of suburban tone

to all the residences that is decidedly pleasing. One of the most attractive houses in this part of the city and one that has received as much favorable attention as any is "Tanglebank," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Mann. Located at almost the western end of Kalma avenue it is on the very crest of the hill that commands such a magnificent view of the Rock Creek valley and the hills beyond. It would be hard to imagine a more delightful location at any time of year, for while to all intents and purposes it is in the country, yet it is but a short distance from the heart of the rity, a section of the city's anatomy that is rap-

The house itself is in keeping with its location. Architects, they say, repeat their own ideas, and sometimes other peoples', but Tanglebank is original. From foundation to eather vane it is the creation of its artist wner, who has succeeded in constructing a louse that is artistic and quaint as well as emiently comfortable and homelike. One's first ides on approaching the house is that it is low and, in a way, rambling. The tirst story is of d brick and the woodwork around it is all of dull shade of green, while the second story is shingled and finished in the same pleasing shade of red as the first. The steep pitch of

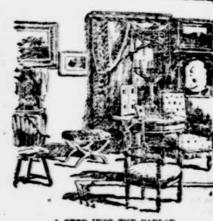


The hallway is very wide, and, like the whole house in fact, is really larger than it see as at the first glance, for the ceilings here, as well as fin all the rooms, are low, and the general effect of the furnishing and decoration is dark. All the woodwork on the first floor, with the exception of the furnishing and decoration is dark. All the woodwork on the first floor, with the exception of the first floor, with the exception of the first floor, with the exception of the first floor. tion of the main staircase, is painted a dead black. The mantels, the door frames, the win-dow frames and seats are all of this somber hue, but the effect is decidedly pleasing. The gen-eral tone is subdued and, in a sense, the house looks old. There is nothing glaring and there are no striking effects anywhere. Almost all of the furniture in the lower part of the house is very old, a large part of it having been used for certainly more than a half century by Mr.

Charles O'Connor, the great lawyer.

Every window in the house is diamond pained and latticed and a curious fact connected with the lighting of the house is that the entire system was designed with reference to the hanging of pictures. In the hallway and in all the larger rooms the windows are a one end, only and thus all cross lights are avoided. In the hall the windows are on both

and in the rear. A red woodwork screen, pendent from the ceiling, runs across the hall nd supports a dainty silken curtain on either the pillars at the foot of the stairs. - Committee of the Comm



PEEP INTO THE PARLOR. The main parlor is on the right. Here the prevailing tone is copper color and the floor is covered with velvet filling of that solid color with a number of choice oriental rugs scattered around in a very effective way. Big comfortable divans and equally inviting easy chairs are placed in an artistically haphazard manner in every available spot, and the old. French set of furniture has long since lost any air of unpleasent newness that it may ever have had. Under the long, low latticed windowns the south end of the room runs a big window seat built in and piled up with rugs and pillows. On the east is a doorway that opens upon a wide piazza, a most delightful retreat on summer evenings. The mantelpiece is of simple black with a terra-

mantelpiece is of simple black with a terracotta thing around the fireplace.

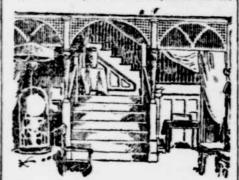
It is from the walls, however, that an artist
would derive the greatest pleasure, for all the
available space is covered with choice paintings.
There is a gem by Lerolle, whose paintings
have gained such prominence in the Seney collection. There are two by Audukiewicz, and
one by the well-known Spanish painter, Sanchez Perrier. Max Weyl, J. H. Moser, Harry
Chase, Mrs. J. F. Murphy, C. H. Davis, Belton
Jones, Delancey Gill, Frank Jones, J. Francis
Murphy and Carl Miliner are some of the others
who have excellent examples of their work
hung on the walls at Tanglebank.

All one side of the dining room, which is

All one side of the dining room, which is the rear of the parlor, is taken up with tticed windows looking off toward the east ad flooding the room with light. On the large mahogany sideboard are ranged a number of beautiful specimens of china and cut glass, of which Mrs. Mann has a fine collection, much mahogany sideboard are ranged a number of beautiful specimens of china and cut glass, of which Mrs. Mann has a fine collection, much of it being very old and rare. The floor is carpeted in red and the furniture is of the enough, an' he knows it." peculiar shade that is to be seen in so places throughout the house.

dred and one little knicknacks and pretty things that go a long way toward making life pleasant and attractive.

The octagonal library in the rear is not large room and yet more than 3,000 bo



crowded around on the walls in plain black

the fireplace:
 "Give me the room where every nook
 Is dedicated to a book."

There is not a bare spot on the walls anywhere, and a person sitting in the room is com-pletely surrounded by books. Even the half dozen windows are placed high and in a row between the top of the shelves and the ceiling. The library is rather miscellaneous in character, though strongest, perhaps, in books of reference. There are a number of curious and reference. There are a number of curious and valuable works in the collection, most of which belonged to the late Charles O'Connor. One of them, the "Maximes of Reason," Edmond Wingate, 1648, bears upon the title page the autograph of Aaron Burr, and under it that of Mr. O'Connor. Another large volume is filled with a collection of autographs of most of the prominent men this country has seen. Many of the autographs of most of the prominent men this country has seen. Many of the state of the filmsy permanent way; and thus the train which should have left at three departed at seven in the evening. I was not angry. a collection of autographs or most or the prom-inent men this country has seen. Many of the autographs and papers in the book are ex-tremely rare and it is quite likely that this col-lection will sooner or later find its way into



On the sloping hillside in the rear of the use and connected with it by a covered | tion is good. passageway is a large building, constructed on lines in harmony with the house and making a sort of background for it. The greater part of the upper story of this building is fitted up and used by Mr. Mann as a studio. It is a most artistic and delightful great room, with a high ceiling and rafters of a dull red, like all the rest of the wood work, with easels and sketches and finished paintings scattered around in profusion and a big brick fire-

place capable of consuming almost unlimited amounts of firewood. The room is lighted by shingled and finished in the steep pitch of shade of red as the first. The steep pitch of the roof in places and a number of piazzas and quaint gables peeping out in various places nipsin the bud any idea of monotony in the general effect.

view up the value which has furnished the theme for a great which has furnished the Written for The Evening Star.

General Sherman valiant son of Mars, great and sublime, Whose glory is not spanned by his own time. Among the ages' generals looms he,

A Wellesley in the armies of the free.

A Moltke, too, in majesty and might, Norman of the Normans, princely knight; A stanch and sturdy soldier-citizen Faithful was he to freedom and to right,

Yet first to welcome from fraternal fight;

Whose fame shall blossom through the All pmans to his glory, and a tear Columbia will mourn the patriot dead

And weave a chaple, for his warrior head;

The flag he loved droops sadly at the mast For one whose high career was nobly passed His country through the centuries will scan The Christian general and gentlema 1.

A gallant son of war, suberb, sublime, With nature neither gauged by race nor clime, Among the nation's foremost rank stands he, A Frederick in the forces of the free. -DAVID GRAHAM ADER.

Railroad Incivility.

From Chambers' Journal. All railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railway men; but even that company has now improved dides of the entrance door. The ceiling is of fenetian red woodwork with cross beams, and bald-headed director of this company was feared by seally as the seally are the the seally the walls are finished in the same peculiar shade of red that seems to run through the design of the whole house as the underlying motive.

To the left of the entrance is a handsome black mantelniage surrounding a brick and To the left of the entrance is a handsome black mantelpiece surrounding a brick and terra-cotta fireplace and surmounted by a fine portrait of Mr. O'Connor. The handsome staircase runs up from the center of the hall with two turns and a landing or gallery above prised at the incivility of the porters, too the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. "I will see, however," he said, "if they will speak in the same way to me." At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him:
"Keep your bald head in, old duffer, or you'll catch cold." He fumed with rage, but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day, and three faces were seen no more



Dudeson-"Aw, I say, waihtah, what is this Waiter-'That, sir? Macaroni au Chappie Dudeson-"Macawoni au Chappie? Ah-ah-

what's that, pway?"
"Waiter-Macaroni and calves' brains, sir." Reform in Nevada. Among the first acts today of Principal Witherspoon of the High School was to issue an edict against gum chewing. A rebellious youth who persisted in working his jaws against the statute in such cases made and provided was subjected to a process which caused him to drop his quid as though it had been a cayenne

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Figg—"Tommy! Tommy! That is no

many places throughout the house.

AN ARTISTIC STAIRWAY.

Across the half from the parlor is a pretty little cetagonal music room and sitting room that is as pleasant a place as one could well imagine. Here is the grand piano and a hun-

KIPLING STILL SNARLS

He Finds Fault With America Wherever He Goes.

OUR DEFENSELESS COASTS.

New York at the Mercy of Two or Three Chi-

ritten for The Evening Star. TUST SUPPOSE THAT AMERICA WERE I twenty days distant from England. Then a shelves that have neither curtains nor glass doors to bother the seeker after book lore. The spirit of the room is well given in a couplet by Frank Dempster Sherman, that is painted above the flesh pots of the old country across the seas, while with the other he squints biliously and

prejudicially at the alien. I can lay my hand upon my sacred heart and affirm that up to today I have never taken three consecutive trips by rail without being delayed by an accident. That it was an accident to another train makes no difference. My own turn may come next. A few miles from peaceful, upset an express goods train to the detriment train which should have left at three departed at seven in the evening. I was not angry. I was scarcely even interested. When an American train starts on time I begin to anticipate disaster-a visitation for such good luck, you

Buffalo is a large village of a quarter of a million inhabitants situated on the seashore, which is falsely called Lake Erie. It is a peace-ful place and more like an English county town ful place and more like an English county town than most of its friends. Once clear of the main business streets you launch upon miles and miles of asphalted roads running between cottages and cut-stone residences of those who have money and peace. All the eastern cities own this fringe of elegance, but except in Chicago nowhere is the fringe deeper or more heavily widened than in Buffalo.

WHY THE AMERICAN WON'T VOTE. The American will go to a bad place because he cannot speak English and is proud of it; but be knows how to make a home for himself and his mate; knows how to make a home for himself and his mate; knows how to keep the grass green in front of his veranda and how to fullest use the mechanism of life—hot water, gas, good bell ropes, telephones, &c. His shops sell him delightful household fitments at very moderate rates, and he is encompassed with all manner of labor saving appliances. This does not prevent his wife and his daughter working themselves to death over household drudgery, but the intendeath over household drudgery, but the inten-

tics," and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty chalet, with smoked oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda and a self-acting twirly-whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August evenng-how can such a man despair of the repub-ic or descend into the streets on voting days and mix cheerfully with "the boys?"

No, it is the stranger-the homeless jackal of a stranger—whose interest in the country i limited to his hotel bill and a railway ticked that can run from Dan to Beersheba crying "All is barren!" Every good American wants a home—a pretty house and a little piece of land of his very own, and every other good American seems to get it.

AMERICA'S YOUTHFUL MARRIAGES. It was when my gigantic intellect was grappling with this question that I confirmed a discovery half made in the west. The natives of most classes marry young—absurdly young. One of my informants—not the twenty-two-One of my informants—not the twenty-two-year-old husband I met on Lake Chautauqua— said that from twenty to twenty-four was about the usual time for this folly. And when I asked whether the practice was confined to the con-stitutionally improvident classes, he said, "No," very quickly. He said it was a general custom

and nobody saw anything wrong with it.
"I guess, perhaps, very early marriage may account for a good deal of the divorce," said he, reflectively. Whereat I was silent. Their he, reflectively. Whereat I was silent. Their marriages and their divorces only concern these people, and neither I traveling nor you who may come after have any right to make rude remarks about them. Only—only coming from a land where a man begins to lightly turn to thoughts of love not before he is 30, I own that playing at housekeeping before that age rather surprised me. Out in the west, though, they marry boys and girls from sixteen upward, and I have met more than one bride of fifteen—husband aged twenty. "When man and woman are agreed what can the Kazi do?"

From those peaceful homes and the envy From those peaceful homes and the envy they inspire (two trunks and a walking stick

they inspire (two trunks and a walking stick and a bit of pine forest in British Columbia are not satisfactory any way you look at them) I turned me to the lake front of Buffalo, where the steamers bellow to the grain elevators and the locomotives well to the coal shutes and the canal barges jostie the lumber raft half a mile long as it snakes across the water in tow of a launch, and earth and sky and sea alike are thick with smoke.

thick with smoke.

In the old days before the railway ran into the city all the business quarters fringed the lake shore, where the traffic was largest. Today the business quarters have gone up town to meet the railroad; the lake traffic still exists, but you shall find a narrow belt of red brick desolation, broken windows, gap-toothed doors and streets where the grass grows between the crowded wharves and the bustling city. To the lake front comes wheat from Chicago, lumber, coal and ore and a large trade in cheap excur-

BUFFALO'S WHEAT ELEVATORS It was my felicity to catch a grain steame and an elevator emptying that same steamer. The steamer might have been two thousand tons burden. She was laden with wheat in bulk; from stem to stern thirteen feet deep lay the clean red wheat. There was no twenty-five per cent dirt admixture about it at all. It was wheat, fit for the grindstones as it lay. They maneuvered the forehatch of that steamer di-rectly under an elevator—a house of red tin a hundred and fifty feet high. Then they let down into that fore hatch a trunk as if it had been the trunk of an elephant, but stiff because it was a pipe of iron-clamped wood. And the trunk had a steel shod nose to it and contained an endless chain of steel buckets.

Then the captain swore, raising his eyes to

heaven, and a gruff voice answered him from the place he swore at, and certain machinery, also in the firmament, began to clack and the glittering steel shod nose of that trunk bur-rowed into the wheat and the wheat quivered and sank upon the instant as water sinks when the siphon sucks, because the steel buckets within the trunk were flying upon their endless round carrying away each its appointed morsel The elevator was a Persian well wheel-

wheel squashed out thin and cased in a pipe; a wheel driven not by bullocks, but by much horse power, licking up the grain at the rate of thousands of bushels the hour. And the wheat sank into the forehatch while a man looked sank till the brown timbers of the bulkheads furiously around the nose of the trunk and got a steam shovel of glittering steel and made that shovel also till there remained of the grain not more than a horse leaves in the fold of his

In this manner do they handle wheat at Buffalo. On one side of the elevator is the steamer, on the other the railway track, and the wheat is leaded into the cars in bulk. Wah, wah! God is great and I do not think He ever intended Gar Sahai or Luckman Narain to supply England with her wheat. India can cut in not without profit to herself when her harvest is good and the American yield poor, but this very big country can upon the average supply the earth with all the beef and bread that is required. In this manner do they handle wheat at Buf-

FREE TRADE IN SPEECE A man in a train said to me: "We kin feed all the earth jest as easily as we

kin whip all the earth." Now the second state-

ment is as false as the first is true. One of

these days the respectable republic will find these days the respectable republic will find this out.*

Unfortunately we, the English, will never be the people to teach her; because she is a chartered libertine allowed to say and do anything she likes, from demanding the head of the empress in an editorial waste basket to chevying Canadian schooners up and down the Alaska seas. It is perfectly impossible to go to war with these people whatever they may do. They are much too nice in the first place, and in the second it would throw out all the passenger traffic of the Atlantic and upset the financial arrangements of the English syndicates who have invested their money in breweries, railways and the like, and in the third it's not to be

rock yet?) would wipe out any or every town from San Francisco to Long Branch; and three first-class ironclads would account for New York, Bartholdi's statue and all.

Reflect on this. 'Twould be 'Pay up or go up' round the entire coast of the United States. To this furiously answers the patriotic American:

can:

"We should not pay. We should invent a columbiad in Pittsburg or—or anywhere else and blow any outsider into h——l." They might invent. They might lay waste their cities and retire inland, for they can subsist entirely on their own produce. Meantime, in a war waged the only way it could be waged by an unscrupulous power, their coast cities and their dockyards would be ashes. They could construct their navy inland if they liked, but you could never bring a ship down to the waterways, as they stand now. ways, as they stand now.

TROOPS PENNED IN. They could not, with an ordinary water patrol, dispatch one regiment of men six miles across the seas. There would be about five million excessively angry, armed men, pent up within American limits. These men would re-

within American limits. These men would require ships to get themselves afloat. The country has no such ships and until the ships were built New York need not be allowed a single wheeled carriage within her limits.

Behold now the glorious condition of this republic which has no fear. There is ransom and loot past the counting of man on her seaboard alone—plunder that would enrich a nation—and she has neither a navy nor half a dozen first-class ports to guard the whole. No man catches a snake by the tail, because the creature will sting; but you can build a fire around a snake that will make it squirm.

The country is supposed to be building a navy now. When the ships are completed her alliance will be worth having—if the alliance of any republic can be relied upon. For the next three years she can be hurt and badly hurt. Pity it is that she is of our own blood, looking at the matter from a Pindarris point of view. Dog cannot eat dog.

OUR LAKE PORTS DOOMED. These sinful reflections were prompted by the sight of the beautifully unprotected condition of Buffalo-a city that could be made to pay up \$5,000,000 without feeling it. There are her companies of infantry in a sort of port there. A gunboat brought over in pieces from Niagara could get the money and get away before she could be caught, while an unarmored gunboat guarding Toronto could be the state of the st

fore she could be caught, while an unarmored gunboat guarding Toronto could rawage the towns on the lakes. When one hears so much of the nation that can whip the earth it is, to say the least of it, surprising to find her so temptingly spankable.

The average American citizen seems to have a notion that any power engaged in strife with the Star Spangled Banner will disembark men from flat-bottomed boats on a convenient beach for the purpose of being shot down by local militia. In his own simple phraseology:

"Not by a darned sight. No. sir." Ransom at long range will be about the size of it—cash

at long range will be about the size of it-cash Let us revisit calmer scenes.

PROVINCIAL SOCIETY'S DIVERSIONS In the heart of Buffalo there stands a magnificent building which the population do in-nocently style a music hall. Everybody comes here of evenings to sit round little tables, and listen to a first-class orchestra. The place is something like the Gaiety Theater at Simia, something like the Gaiety Theater ut Simia, enlarged twenty times. The "Light Brigade" of Buffalo occupy the boxes and the stage, "as it was at Simla in the days of old," and the others sit in the parquet. Here I went with a friend—poor or boor is the man who cannot pick up a friend for a season in America—and here was shown the really smart folk of the city. I grieve to say I laughed, because when an American wishes to be correct he sets himself to imitate the Englishman. This he does vilely and earns not only the contempt of his brethren but the snused scorn of the Briton.

I saw one man who was pointed out to me as being the glass of fashion hereabouts. He was aggressively English in his get up. From eyeaggressively English in his get up. From eye-glass to trouser hem the illusion was perfect, but—he wore with evening dress buttoned boots with brown cloth tops! Not till I wandered about this land did I understand why the comic papers belabor the Anglomaniac. Certain young men of the more idiotic sort launch into dog carts and raiment of English cut, and here in carts and raiment of English cut, and here in Buffalo they play polo at four in the afternoon. I saw three youths come down to the polo ground faultlessly attired for the game and mounted on their best ponies. Expecting a game I lingered; but I was mistaken. These three shining ones with the very new yellow hide boots and the red silk sashes had assembled the positive for the purpose of knocking the ball. the meelves for the purpose of knocking the ball about. They smote with great solemnity up and down the grounds while the little boys looked on. When they trotted, which hyper and seldom, they rose and sank in their stirrups with a conscientiousness that cried out "ridi

school!" from afar.

Other young men in the park were riding after the English manner, in neatly cut riding trousers and light saddles. Fate in derision trousers and light saddles. Fate in derision had made each youth bedizen his animal with a checkered enameled leather brow band visible half a mile away. A black and white checkered brow band. They can't do it, any more than an Englishman by taking cold can add that indescribable nasal twang to his orchestra. ARGUMENTS FOR PROHIBITION.

The other sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table where two very young men and boring table where two very young men and two very young women were sitting. It did not strike me till far into the evening that the pimply young reprobates were making the girls drunk. They gave them redering the and then white, and the voices rose slightly with the maiden checks' flushes. I watched, wishing to slay, and the youths drank till their speech thickened and their eyeballs grew watery. It was sickening to see, because I knew what was going to happen. My friend eyed the group and said:

"Maybe they're children of respectable people."

d said: "Maybe they're children of respectable people. I hardly think, though, they'd be allowed out without any better escort than these boys. And yet the place is a place where every one comes, as you see. They may be little immoralities—in which case they wouldn't be so hopelessly overcome with two glasses of wine. They may be"——

hopelessly overcome with two glasses of wine. They may be"—

Whatever they were they got indubitably drunk—there in that lovely hall, surrounded by the best of Buffalo society. One could do nothing except invoke the judgment of heaven on the two boys, themselves half sick with liquor. At the close of the performance the quieter maiden laughed vacantly and protested she couldn't keep her feet. The four linked arms, and staggering, flickered out into the street—drunk, gentlemen and ladies, as Davy's swine, drunk as lords! They disappear down a side avenue, but I could hear their laughter long after they were out of sight.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

SAVE THE CHILDREN. And they were all four children of sixteen and seventeen. Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. opinions, I became a promotionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks and to buy lager furtively at back doors than to bring temptation to the lips of the young fools such as the four I had

lips of the young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said:

"There is no harm in it taken moderately," and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking it is worth taking a little trouble to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary. Very sorry for myself I sought a hotel and found in the hall a reporter who wished to know what I thought of the country. Him I lured into conversation about his own profession and from him gained much that confirmed me in my views of the grinding tyranny of that thing which they call the press here. Thus:

FRONTIER PRESS ENORMITIES. FRONTIER PRESS ENORMITIES.

whether they like it or not. Have you no bounds beyond which even your indecent curiosity must not go?

He—I haven't struck 'em yet. What do you think of interviewing a widow two hours after her husband's death to get her version of his life? I—I think that is the work of a ghoul. Must the people have no privacy?

He—There is no domestic privacy in America.

If there was what the deuce would the papers do? See here. Some time ago I had an amignment to write up the floral tributes when a prominent citizen had died.

done. Everybody knows that, and no one better than the American.

NEW YORK CITY'S PERILS.

Yet there are other powers who are not "ohai band" (of the brotherhood)—China, for instance. Try to believe an irresponsible writer when he assures you that China's fleet today, if properly manned, could waft the entire American navy out of the water and into the blue. The big, fat republic that is afraid of nothing because nothing up to the present date has happened to make her afraid, is as unprotected as a jellyfish. Not internally, of course—it would be madness for any power to throw men into America; they would dis—but as far as regards coast defense.

I—Translate please; I don't understand your pagan rites and ceremonies.

He—I was ordered by the office to describe the flowers and wreaths, and so on, that had been sent to a dead man's funeral. Well, I went to the house. I went to the house. I went to the house in a pulled in the room where the corpse lay, all among the roses and smilax. I whipped out my notebook and pawed around among the floral tributes, turning up the tickets on the wreaths and seeing who had sent which. In the middle of this I heard some one asying, "Please, oh, please," behind me, and there is too the daughter of the house, just bathed instears.

I—You unmitigated brute!

nese Iron Clads—Buffalo as It Appeared to the Foreigner—Inland Ports and a Toronto Gunboat—Why England Will Not Fight Us.

From five miles out at sea (I have seen a test of her "fortified" ports) a ship of the power of H.M.S. Collingwood (they haven't run her on a privacy of your grief. Trust me, I shall make rock yet?) would wipe out any or every town from San Francisco to Long Branch; and three first-class ironclads would account for New outrage—? outrage ?
He Hold your horses. I'm telling you. Well.

He—Hold your horses. I'm telling you. Well, she didn' want me in the house at all and between her sobs fairly waved me away. I had half the tributes described, though, and the balance I did partly on the steps when the stiff un came out and partly in the church. The preacher gave a sermon. That wasn't my assignment. I skipped about among the floral tributes while he was talking. I could have made no excuse if I had gone back to the office and said that a pretty girl's sobs had stopped me obeying orders. I had to do it. What do you think of it all?

I (slowly)—Do you want to know?

I (slowly)—Do you want to know? He (with his note book ready)—Of course How do you regard it?

I—It makes me regard your interesting nation with the same shuddering curiosity that I should bestow on a Papuan cannibal chewing the scalp off his mother sakull. Does that contains the scalp off his mother sakull. vey any idea to your mind? It makes me regard the whole pack of you as heathen—real heathen—not the sort you send missions to—creatures of another flesh and blood. You ought to have been shot, not dead, but through the stomach for your share in the scandalous business, and the thing you call your news-paper ought to have been sacked by the mob and the managing proprietor hanged.

He-From which I suppose you have nothing of that kind in your country?

Oh, Pioneer, venerable Pioneer, and you not

less housest press of India who are occasionall dull but never blackguardly, what could I say A mere "No," shouted never so loudly, would not have met the needs of the case. I said n The reporter went away and I took a train for Niagara Falls, which are twenty-two miles dis-tant from this bad town, where girls get drunk of nights and reporters trample on corpses in the drawing rooms of the brave and the free.

IN THE CUMBERLAND RANGE. Traveler Falls in With Moon Has to Prove Up.

From the Detroit Free Press.

As I was to take a short cut over a spur of the Cumberland mountains in northern Tennessee, I hired a colored boy about fifteen years of age to go a part of the distance with me. He had a solemn, serious look and I soon discovered that he was a philosopher. I had been told that there were moonshiners in the Cumberlands and that the chances were I would be stopped and sharply investigated. When ready to part from the youth, I asked: "Do you think I'll meet any moonshiners?"

"Dat depends, sah." "On whedder somebody hidin' behind de

bresh or rocks doan' pop you ober befo' you kin meet. If he 'un's gun hangs fiah yo'un will probably meet."

It was a hot day in July, but I asked him if he thought the weather would hold and he looked at the sky and replied:

"Doan' want to say, sah. If it should hold, you'n wouldn't give me no credit; and if it "Doan want to say, sah. If it should hold, you'n wouldn't give me no credit; and if it should snow, you'n would cuss me all day. Good day, sah. Keep to de right arter you criss de branch. If dat doan' bring you out, den, cum back an' keep to de left."

I had gone about a mile when the trail branched, and, after debating the case, I took the right hand again and went forward, with the comfortable feeling that I had half of a big state at my personal disposal to get lost in state at my personal disposal to get lost in. The path suddenly ended, and about that time

a mountaineer stepped from a thicket on my left and confronted me and inquired: "Whar from, stranger?" I told him.
"What you doin' hyar!"
"Traveling."
"Look hyar!" he said, "You's kin either prove up or ye can't.
"That's so." "You's either all right or you's cum fussin'. "Kin ye prove up?"

"I'll try."
"Then walk along." "Then walk along."

He walked beside me, or behind me, through thickets and over rough ground to a shanty just at the mouth of a ravine. There was a man, a woman and a boy of twelve there, and my nose detected the odor of a still. The three people mentioned stood at the door as we came up, and the man queried of my conductor.

'Who's he'un?" "Who's he'un?"

"Gwine to prove up."

I sat down on a rock, and, leaving the boy to watch me, the other three withdrew a few yards and held a consultation. This lasted about five minutes, and when they returned the man who had captured me said:
"We'uns is agreed on it. You's either revenue or not. You's can prove up or ye can't."

"Can any of you read?" I asked.

"We kin or we can't," replied the woman, who was smoking plug tobacco in a clay pipe.

"Well, perhaps you've heard of at Monroe?"

"We mought or we moughtn't," replied the husband of the woman.
"Well, here's a line from him. If you are moonshiners you have sold him whisky and know him to be all right. Here's my card, here re letters addressed to me at Monroe and you can overhaul my knapsack."

They couldn't read a line of writing and put

up a job to catch me. After consulting gether a bit the woman said: "What did you say he'uns first name was-George or William?"
"Neither one; it's Henry."

log house?"
"In a frame house."
"Which eye is he'un blind in?" "Neither one. Come, now, he's a big, fleshy man, wears long whiskers, is bald on top of the head and has a front tooth out. His wife is a little cross-eyed woman, and has two children." That settled it, and I was at once given a bit

to eat and told to make myself at home. I had some tobacco for the man and pins and needles for the woman, and the present of a harmonica set the boy wild with delight. "S'posin' you'n had shot he'un down thar!" suggested the woman to my captor.
"Then he'un would hev bin dead, of co'se." he calmly replied.

By and by the men went up to attend the still and the woman unrolled the paper of pins to the last row, opened the paper of needles, and, placing the two spools of thread beside them, she called to the boy:

"Yans."
"Look in my eyes." "It I flighty?"

"Skeercely, ma'am."
"Skeercely, ma'am."
"Well, I'ze either flighty or the richest woman on these yere mountain', an' I wish pop would hurry back an' tell me which!"

Ambition Growing by What It Feeds Upo

From the New York Tribune.

A man told the following recently to illus

rate the folly as well as the wrong of telling

big stories. A young man, whose home is not in New York city and not in any other large city, came to New York a year ago. He has a great opinion of himself and likes to tell "big stories." A friend, whose lot it was to enterstories." A friend, whose lot it was to entertain the young man, entered into a conspiracy with another man to tell the stranger so many and such big stories about themselves that he could not get a chance to say anything about himself and would be silent in amazement and admiration. This reprehensible scheme "worked" beautifully and the visitor apparently left New York for home with a wonderful respect for his two friends, who had seen so much of the world, had adventures so thrilling and yet spoke of them in an indifferent so much of the world, had adventures so thrilling and yet spoke of them in an indifferent lashion, as if they were a matter of course.

Now for the moral. The young man came to New York a short while ago on another visit and this time it was he who entertained the two conspirators with takes wonderful and marvelous. Nor were these stories new to the two friends. But they had been much improved upon with many tellings. They were longer and bigger and more exciting. The two culprits were struck dumb at hearing their own lies retold them by the one for whom they had been specially manufactured. I-But you talk about interviewing people

TO WILLIAM STATE

How Young Ladies Are Taught to Maintain

a Dignified Compo

From the New York Times.

At one of the fashionable schools up town a tri-weekly exercise for the boarding pupils is an | night." said a broker to a friend over the lunch hour in which repose of manner is taught. The future society leaders are required to enter the branch of their education, who awaits their coming. Not a single unnecessary muscle of face, body, or limb is brought into play. With composed features, arms pendant, one hand usually carrying a fan to keep it gracefully and quietly placed, they glide across the room, sink into a chair, and carry on a conversation with their preceptress. Invitations to dance or promenade are accepted, an ice is eaten, intro-ductions take place, callers are received and so on all under the mentor's watchful eye and all with regard only to the absolute tranquility of

It is remarkable to one who has never had It is remarkable to one who has never had the matter especially emphasized to discover how many unnecessary motions the average young woman indulges in. When she is watched under this pruning process she spares easily two-thirds of her movements and is a decided gainer thereby. To some this sort of teaching may seem absurd and fruitless. In point of fact it is neither. The girls show continual progress, and though doubtless a natural repose of manner is more successful than an acquired one, the latter is preferable to fussiness, surely.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the other evening, in one of the second-tier boxes on the left-hand side, sat a remarkably beautiful young woman—a blonde of exquisite coloring and with beautifully poised neck and head. She was the recipient of much attention and it was nections. a positive pleasure to watch her serene dignity throughout the evening. Occasionally her fan was slowly swayed to and fro before her; oftener her gloved hands lay easily crossed on her lap, absolutely quiet. Yet her face was animated, and there was nothing in her manner to suggest

A little nearer the stage on the same tier was a second young woman in direct contrast. She was a brunette and also a beautiful girl. Her was a brunette and also a beautiful girl. Her manner was all jerks and motion. She was constantly rushing her vinaigrette up to her aose, tossing her head playfully, picking at her fan, her program, her bouquet, or industriously pulling out her handkerchief as if to study its pattern. She was evidently popular, for plenty of persons were coming from and going to her box, and the effect of her uneasy bearing, as she received and chatted with one and another, upon the disinterested observer at a distance was a little short of painful. Surely some lessons in tranquil deportment would not have been out of place in this instance.

Love Anodyne Manley H. Pike in Puck. DR. CUSPID GRINDER'S ante-chamber. PAULINE sitting at table covered with the usual periodicals and stereoscopic views.

PAULINE (shivering) .- What a pokerish place! Although I know that there isn't a thing to be done to my teeth, I feel as if I were to have heard that beautiful poem, but she said it was them all pulled without delay—or anesthetics. them all pulled without delay—or anesthetics.
(Groans from within.) Just hear that! Why do dentists always have all the comic papers?
I'm sure I can never look at Cap-and-Bells again without associating it with lamentations and the odor of carbolic acid.

Dr. Grinder (within).—Now, then, my dear

THE PATIENT (within) .- Yah! O doctor! Don't!
PAULINE (irritably).—What a fues a man makes if anything hurts him! But a woman— (sighs.) I don't believe Bertie—Mr. Bangs— suffered half so much as I did when our ensuffered half so much as I did when our gagement was broken, for all the agonies he pretended; and by this time he's probably consoled himself with that Cousin Clara of his—bits I (sight again)—am p-p-perfectly miser—

Now new snows make the surment of the meadow, Or swell the merry rush of mountain stream:

Did when 'lore the spring files the uniter's shadow, They, too, shall be the memory of a dream! soled himself with that Gousia Clara of his— while I—(sighs again)—amp-p-perfectly miser— (Starts up.) No, I'm not! and he may marry Cousin Clara, if he likes, and be happy with her -if he can—

(Enter abruptly, clasping both hands to his sicollen face, scowling, disheveled, unshaven Young Man, who assaults door of operating

THE YOUNG MAN .- Doctor! Doctor! PAULINE (agitated -apart). -It's B-B-Ber -THE DOCTOR (within).-Kindly wait a few minutes, sir. I'm about to administer gas—
BERTIS (eagerly).—Gas! That's just what I
want—quick, Doctor!
THE DOCTOR.—You must wait places

THE DOCTOR.—The patient in the chair has BERTIE.-And it's kept me awake all the THE DOCTOR .- The patient in the chair hasn't

slept for a week.

Bertie.—And I'm almost crazy.

The Doctor.—The patient in the chair is entirely so. You really must wait. (To Patient.) Now, open your mouth wide and breathe long.

BERTIE (desperate).—Confound the patient in the chair—confound the Doctor—curse my tooth—everything be hanged! (Stumbles blindly

PAULINE (much perturbed).—He hasn't seen me! What a temper he has! I'm a fortunate girl to have escaped marriage with a person who has so little self-command—who uses such

tremely painful. PAULINE (apart).—Even if he doesn't know me, that's no reason why he should kick when I speak to him. (Aloud.) Permit me to apply

this cologne. It may relieve you.

BERTIE (still face downward).—Thank you,
Madam. Oh, Jupiter! Madam. Oh, Jupiter!

PAULINE (apart).—Madam! Does my voice sound as old as that?

THE DOCTOR (within).—A little more gas, sir. THE PATIENT (within).—Woo-ah! Whuh!

PAULINE (tenderly).—How does this feel?

BERTIE (gratefully).—Oh, delicious, thank you. Pray excuse me—not rising—but—Jerusalem, that tooth! Oh!

PAULINE (more tenderly).—Let me arrange the pillow. There, that's better. This is the painful cheek, isn't it?

BERTIE.—Yes—uh!—yes. Your hand makes

Berrie.—Yes.—uh!—yes. Your hand teasier, Madam. PAULINE (apart).—Madam again! Does my hand feel as old as that?

THE DOCTOR (within).—Only one left. Breathe long.
THE PATIENT (within)—Huh! Wooh! THE PATIENT (within)—Huh! Wooh!
BERTIE (in fresh paroxyism).—Oh, Moses!
Oh, my tooth!
PAULINE (sobbing).—It's too bad, you poor,
dear, blessed, darling!
BERTIE (boking up amazed).—What's that?
What is she saying?
PAULINE (apart).—Oh, what will I do—or he?
BERTIE (springing to feet).—Pauline!
PAULINE (retreating behind table).—Sir!
THE DOCTOR (within)—It'll soon be over.
One more wrench.

One more wrench.

Bentie (rushing upon her).—Pauline! How good you are! I hadn't the least idea it was you!

good you are! I hadn't the least idea it was you!

PAULINE (waving him back).—So I perceived.
BERTIE.—You'll pardon me for lying there, instead of—
PAULINE (coldly).—Instead of what, Mr. Bangs? I did only what any humane person would do for any suffering—creature.
BERTIE (regaining his wits a trifle).—Then you are willing to relieve suffering creatures?
PAULINE (slifly).—Of course.

PAULINE (slifly).—Of course.

REPRINE (all ardor).—Relieve me, then; for PAULINE (stiffy).—Of course.

BESTIE (all ardor).—Relieve me, then; for I'm one—I don't mean toothache, but heart-ache—ever since we broke off—I've been wretched!

wretched!
PAULINE (enchanted),—Have you, really?
BERTIE (seizing her).—Yes, indeed, I have—but it's all right now, isn't it, dear? Here's the old ring. I've always kept it with me.
PAULINE (irresolute).—But—but—your Cousin Cousin Jack next week. And they gaged—when—when we were!
PAULINE (surrendering).—O Bertie!
The Doctor (within).—Not quite
One little dig more.

One little dig more.

Paulinz (eery carnesily).—But—Bertie, do
you think it quite right to let yourself be fussed
over by a woman—a perfect stranger?

BERTIE (puzzled).—Why—I—But you weren't

Bertie (puzzled).—Why—I—But you weren't a perfect stranger.

Pauline.—No; but you didn't know that.

Bertie.—You wouldn't have had me may "Go away!" would you?

Pauline (langhing and crying).—Oh, don't ask questions, Bertie. What is the insiter with me? It's what was and always will be the matter with me as long as I live, you simple old boy—being a woman, that's all. You never could understand. But I—yes, I do love you.

Bertie, and you may put the ring on again—so!

The Doctor (within).—There, you'll never have any trouble, rest assured. It's all gone.

(Entering.) Now, if you please, sir.

Bertie (surprised).—What is it, Doctor?

What do you want?

The Doctor (equily surprised).—To attend to that terrific toothache, of course.

Bertie.—Toothache? Why, did I have one?

THE GAME OF "WIT."

The Sort of Verses That Can Be Made by From the New York Herald. "I tell you I was with some smart people last

table yesterday. "Some of 'em are sort of literary, write for small reception room, which the girls flippantly the magazines and that kind of thing, and some term "Manner Hall," one by one and pay their of 'em were not, but they were all smart. One respects to the professor of this rather peculiar girl-awful pretty girl-proposed that we should play something she called 'Wit.' I don't care much about games, but that girl was so pretty I was ready to do anything she wanted, and so were the rest of the men, for the women had to come in, too.

"Did you ever hear of 'Wit?" "Never heard of yours," was the irreveren "Never mind, never mind about that," said

the broker calmly. "You'll hear of it now. I quite distinguished myself." And he began pulling papers out of his coat-tail pockets and aying them, still folded, on the table. VERSE MAKING MADE EASY. "That game of 'Wit,' " said he, "is making poetry. You wouldn't think you could ever do

it, but you can. "It is this way: Every person has a pencil

and paper, and each one writes on the top of the paper any noun, then folds it down so that the word can't be seen and passes it to the next. Grand change all around, you see. Then each one writes an adjective, fold, change again; then a verb; then finally a question. Every time you write anything your soversign will time you write anything your sovereign will suggests. Then one more change, and you have to write a verse, using all those words in it and answering that question. It's lots of fun—when an uncommonly pretty girl is running the thing and sitting next you. "According to the Simon pure original game you can write anything you like, but the pretty

girl-last night she begged us not to write such words as potatoes, or scrub or measles— she said, 'Write words that it was possible to she said, 'write words that it was possible be sentimental with, so that people could write whatever kind of poetry they wanted to.'
"It come out pretty soon that she is a regular dab at sentimental poetry herself. Oh, yes: I tell you she's smart more ways than one, as wall as positive. well as pretty.
"Let me read you some of the verses.

MACRINE MADE SAMPLES. "Now, here's one of the girls'. I tell you it's real poetry. If you've got any soul-well, here you see are the words and question. Verb,

laugh; adjective, rich; noun, lovers; question, When is love sweetest? Listen." He read sonorously, with expressive swayings of th Love is sweetest at its birth, Then saugh all the roiden hours, Love is sweetest when lite's dearth Slays slighter hopes, tades paler flowers.

Love is sweetest when long years Have proved how rich its dear content. Let lovers claim this gods nor peers. Olympus for their joys is lent.

"Now isn't that wonderful to be done in fifteen minutes? Fifteen minutes was our time limit. This is the one I did—didn't take me five minutes. I was ashamed of it after I

"She said it was clever to get in all in two lines. Here's another. The noun was lamp; adjective, merry; verb, rush; and question, Where are the snows of yester year? "Here's hers-

They frost, perchance, some peak of Alpine splendor,
'N aid the lamp of night still showing fair, I wast;
Or if to heaven their pure like they did render,
They died a narry death, by sunshine kirsed.

"This is mine." He hurried on rapidly as he saw his victim getting restless: White are the snows of yester year?

Ah! who can guess so sad a conundrum?

Ask me some merry ones, my dear,

And 'round the lamp we'll rush the fun wid 'em.

"Pretty good, ain't it? no, I won't tell you her name-proposed that we all try to write a stanza like some poet, sort we all try to write a stanza are some poet, sort of in his swing: we could go get a book in the library if we wanted to and look at anything we wished to imitate. I dropped out then, but she wrote a wonder. No, sir, she hadn't written it before. They gave each other names and they gave her Swinburne, because they thought they gave her Swinburne, because they though he was bardest. And she wrote this: The sweet blooms spring by the rushing water,

"Now don't that beat Swinburne hollow? tell you that girl—aw, just wait a minute! All right; good by; but when you try it yourself, you'll find poetry more interesting!"

FOUR PAIR OF ACES. A Remarkable Poker Game Between Tweed and Black Joe Owens.

From the Albany Express.

There recently died in Chicago an old negre who has so little self-command—who uses such improper language—

Bertie (threshing about).—Great Scott!

Pauline (tremulously).—He does suffer terribly! Why isn't that Cousin Clara of his here to soothe him?—He certainly needs it.

Bertie (writhing).—O-O-O-Oh! O-O-O-Oh!

Pauline (half crying).—Poor fellow—poor, poor boy! I won't go near him—it wouldn't be proper—no, I won't—no, no! (Darts to sofa.) I beg your pardon—sir—but your tooth seems painful—

Bertie (without looking up).—Devil—extremely painful.

There recently died in Chicago an old negro named Joe Owens. At the time of his death he was head beliman at the Leland Hotel in that city. Years ago, when Tweed was in his glory, Joe was employed in the Delavan in this city. There used to be some heavy poker playing in that hotel during those lively times and Tweed's room was generally the headquarters of the game. Joe was a great favorite with Tweed, as indeed he was with most of the "high rollers" at the capital. Tweed had Joe made the special guardian of his room and no one could

ever get in there if Joe said no. The old darkey happened to step into the The old darkey happened to step into the apartment one evening when a more than ordinarily big game was in progress. In front of a man named Shepard was a stack of chips representing \$5,000. Joe was an inveterate poker player himself in those days, he and the other colored boys having a game going on most of the time in their quarters, and when he saw that great heap of money his eyes fairly bulged out of his head.

"Foh de Lawd, but I wish I was in dat ar came." said Joe with a gasp. A thought came

"Foh de Lawd, but I wish I was in dat ar game," said Joe, with a gasp. A thought came to Mr. Shephard. He sent Joe down stairs on some errand, and during his absence a "cold deck" was run in and fixed for the darky's special benefit. When Joe came back Mr. Shepard asked him to play a hand or two for him while he went out. Joe, with his heart beating high, took the seat and began to play. When two or three hands had been passed Joe was startled at getting four aces. He trembled had been gated as the last them Mr. Shepard returned. When two or three hands had been passed Joe was startled at getting four aces. He trembled all over, but just then Mr. Shepard returned, and, looking over Joe's shoulder, said, "Go for them, Joe; go for them." Joe did go for them. Everybody but Tweed dropped out of the game. He kept on raising, while Joe, encouraged by Mr. Shepard, raised him every time until the darky had piled the \$5,000 in the center of the table.

table.

Then Tweed called him, and Joe, his eyes fairly gleaming with wild excitement, threw down his four aces, while he reached for the money, saying, "What you got dah, Massa money, saying, "Four aces," said the boss, coolly, laying

deck; get out."

A hundred dollars at any other time would a hundred dollars at any other time would aged

stew, and I don't want the oysters and and milk all mixed in a mess and merely h I want the milk carefully boiled first, then the I want the milk carefully boiled first, then the oysters added, next the liquor, and finally, after it is taken off, the seasoning. Be very particular about the milk. It must be sweet and rich, and above all things be careful to get good butter. Only the best and freshest gilt-edge dairy butter should be used. As for the oysters I want the very finest to be obtained anywhere; no common mud oysters

"Will you take something to drink?"

The picture was finished and the sitter pressed his satisfaction at its life-like look.
"But what about that little invitation?"
"Oh, sir, that is just a trade ruse of mingive a natural and interested expression to





He takes a dose of rough-on-rats, but an t

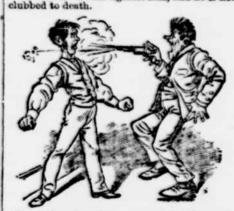


He jumps off the ferry





He gives "back talk" to a New York police-man, but fate is still against him, and he is not clubbed to death.



Persuades a friend to point a didn't-know-





But at last he buys "A Guide to Health as Manual to Physical Culture," and after con

